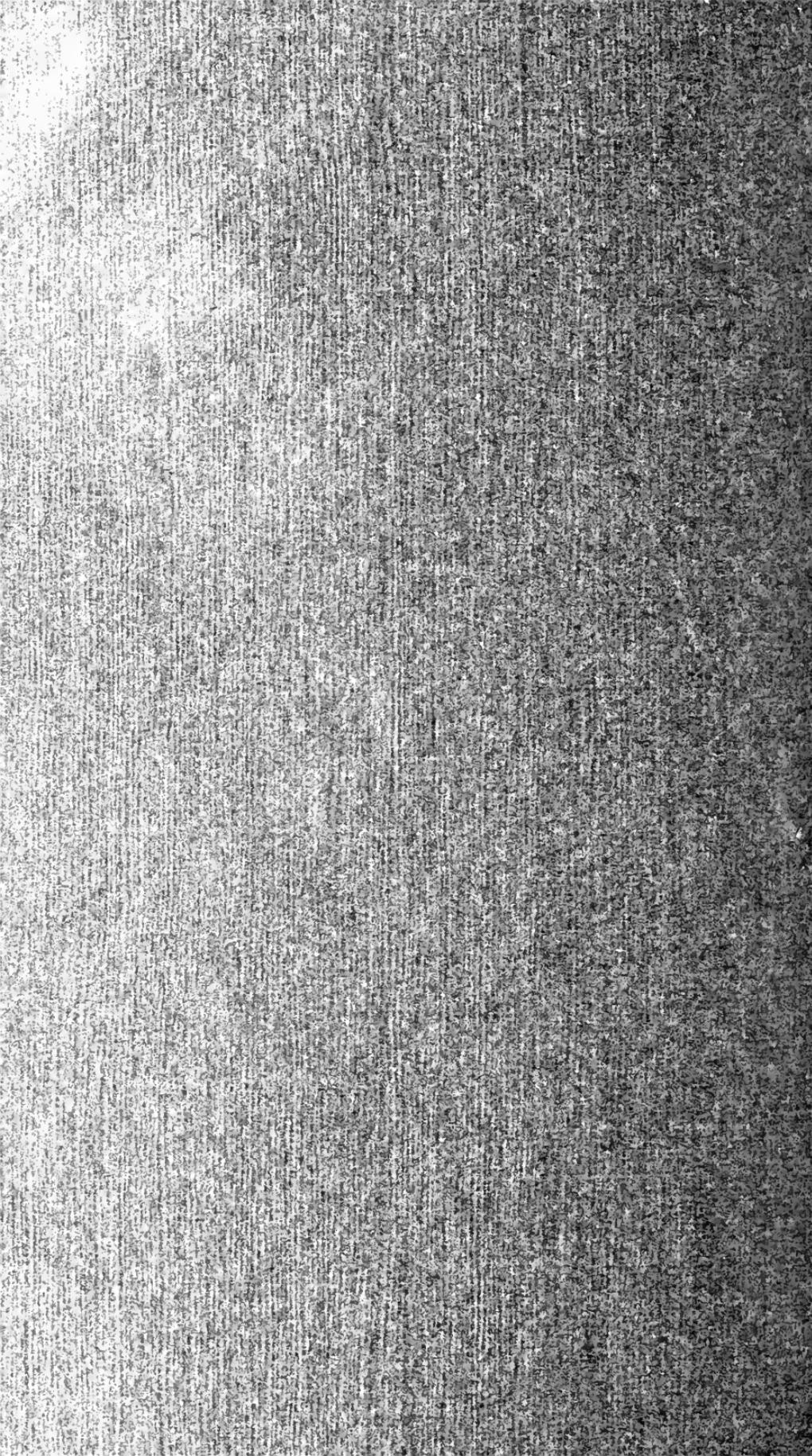


VOICES OF THE



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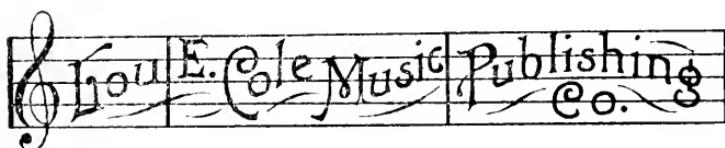
Yours Sincerely, L. E. Cole.

VOICES OF THE WEST

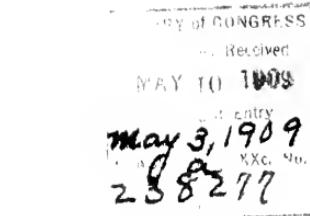
POEMS
OF
WASHINGTON

By
LOU E. COLE

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1909*



CONTENTS.



TO WASHINGTON.

A PROPHECY FULFILLED.

SUNRISE ON MT. BAKER.

PUGET SOUND.

THE ALASKA MAN.

THE WESTERN CALL.

LAKE CRESCENT.

A SONG TO THE OLYMPICS.

INDIAN "BOB."

TO THE SHIP SEMANTHA.

THE TIMBER CRUISER.

TO THE FORESTS.

SEATTLE, QUEEN OF THE WEST.

GET RIGHT WITH YOURSELF.

I'M KING OF EARTH.

TO WASHINGTON.

Singing brooks, purling rills,
Tangled wildwoods, verdant hills;
Smiling valleys, fertile plains,
Rich with orchards, fruits and grains,
Timber, dairies, mills and mines,
How thy future glory shines,
Dear Washington.

Keeper of the western gate,
Holder of the keys of fate,
Of our Nation's sunset shores,
How we prize thy golden stores;
Diversified and evergreen,
Success awaits thee, stately Queen,
My Washington.

In thy many snow-capped peaks,
That to the dome of heaven speak,
Charms are born that tempt the pen
Of artists, poets, travelers, men
Versed in beauty, wit and praise,
Each, to thee, great honor pays,
Dear Washington.

A PROPHECY FULFILLED.

Long ago, down the dim misty aisles of the ages,
The Angel of Destiny passing this way,
Jotted down a few notes on bright memory's pages,
Of things she would see here in some future day.

As she mused o'er the scene that the red sun was
tinting,
The snow-capped Olympics, with white hoary heads,
The bright dancing waters on which the sun glint-
ing,
Turned the waves into jewels set in green living
beds.

The tall ranks of hemlocks, the white fir and
cedar,
That shook their green flags in the cool evening
breeze,
That swept from the sea with a promise to lead
her
To valleys, the home of the flowers and bees.

As she looks on the picture she sees the years
turning,
The centuries pass like a swift silent dream;
Empires cry, "Westward," here, tent fires burn-
ing,
Tall smoke-stacks arise, and the forge-fires gleam.

Silent the night, how the bright stars are gleaming,
On the wide world of waters one single ship
 sails;
It bears brave Juan de Fuca, of a new world he's
 dreaming,
He prays for a rest from the tempest and gales.

The Angel of Destiny, silently speeding,
Is drawn to his tempest tossed ship in distress;
She gives him a line; now, his ship she is leading,
 ing,
To storm-sheltered harbor, his labors to bless.

The years have rolled on, and the ships of the
 Nations
Now swing with the tides where the brave Spaniard
 prayed;
Where only his voice raised in low supplication,
Now murmurs a throng in white vestry arrayed.

To the eastward she looks, with the eyes of a
 seer,
Across the wide stretches of mountains and plains,
Sees bright ribbons of steel drawing steadily
 nearer,
Sowing hamlets and towns 'midst the bright fields
 of grain.

With her back to the earth and her face to the
sunshine,
Her arms wide outstretched with each hand to the
sea,
Said, "These great water-ways, like unto these
hands of mine
Shall be to this land what my hands are to me."

For the Angel of Destiny knew by the shaping
Of civilization, its course and events,
The curtain would some day be torn from its
draping
And the West be awakened not many years hence.

Behold, in the works of the great Exposition,
Alaska, Yukon, the Pacific's rich west,
The Angel of Destiny's prophetic vision
Fulfilled, and today, a great Nation blessed.

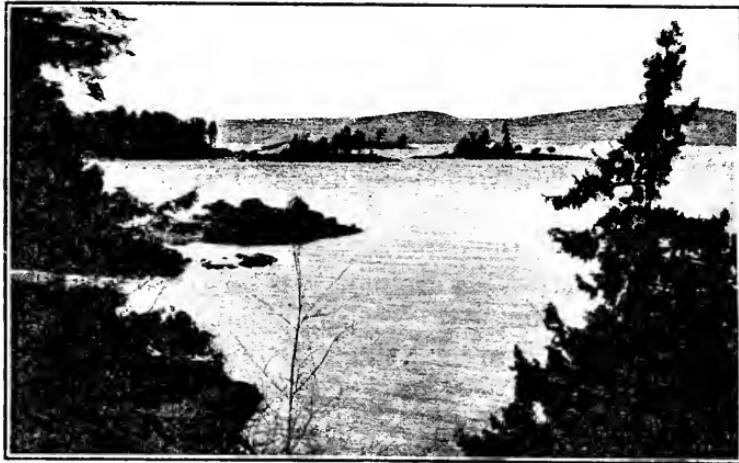


SUNRISE ON MT. BAKER.

When the morning is breaking thru the clouds that
clothe the sky,
Gilding with a flush of sunrise, like the light in
woman's eye,
Painting mountains, hills and valleys, for a perfect
summer day,
I love the tints the snow reflects from Mt. Baker
far away.

Across the dancing waters wide its snow white
summit seems
A pile of golden, fleecy clouds like those I see in
dreams;
It changes from a blushing red to pink, and then
to gray,
The silver clouds now drop the scene until another day.

Oh, rugged in thy beauty, great Mt. Baker by the
sea;
You give me thoughts of grander things, when e'er
I look on thee;
Oh, would that I might gain the heights you im-
press on my soul,
By climbing up progressive peaks, and win pro-
gression's goal.



PUGET SOUND.

Spread between two mighty countries,
Acting as an open door
To the broad Pacific ocean,
Washing thus each friendly shore;
Gateway for the ships of nations,
Calm and peaceful, world renowned,
Ebb and flow with perfect rythm
Sparkling waters, Puget Sound.

On thy bosom fleets of vessels
To and fro as thistles fly,
Waft and glide as fancy beckons,
'Neath the blue of summer sky.
On thy sloping banks of verdure,
Rarest beauty can be found,

Hill and dale with Nature's carpet
Hedge thy shores, fair Puget Sound.

Many islands dot thy surface,
Emeralds set in quivering beds,
Here the dainty rhododendrons
Raise their lovely tinted heads.
While across the dancing waters,
Sunset scatters all around,
Gleams of gold and copper mingled,
With thy waves, dear Puget Sound.

Nestled in the lap of foothills,
Great Seattle thrives each day,
While Tacoma, ever busy,
Stop the tides far up the bay.
On the east, great white-robed Baker,
Calm, serene, so vast—profound,
As it were, a guardian angel,
Watching o'er thee, Puget Sound.

Where the waters of the Fraser
Swell thy tides with mountain snow,
Fair Vancouver holds at anchor,
Ships that sail at ebb and flow.
While across the straits of Georgia,
On the Island's fruitful ground,
Rests so peaceful, calm Victoria,
Smiling on thee, Puget Sound.

On the south the high Olympics
Raise their crested heads so white,
Lending all their massive beauty
To increase each rare delight.
Out to seaward from the ocean,
Where the curling breakers pound,
Come great ships with commercee laden,
Glad to see thee, Puget Sound.

THE ALASKA MAN.

From out of the ranks of her bravest men,
Our Nation has sent her hardiest ones,
To beard the Ice-king in his den,
They dropped the plow, the forge or pen
To claim the land of the midnight sun.

The call of gold with a siren's voice
Was heard above the din of toil,
And the pioneer, from a hero's choice
Obeyed, and made their hearts rejoice;
Left home and friends of the fruitful soil.

No armored Knight of "ye olden days,"
Ever faced a foe on the battle plain,
With greater courage, or unsung praise
Of pen, or voice, or minstrel lays
Than these, who tasted death and pain.

No danger too great, no road too long,
For these heroes with hearts so grim;
They would face the worst with laugh or song
Tho the fates declare their hopes were wrong,
And despair filled their cups to the brim.

Thru the snow and ice of the Ice-king's breath,
They struggled thru the wilds untrod;
And many a man felt the clutch of death,
And heard the words that the angel sayeth
As he gave up his soul to his God.

How they watched with hope and dewy eyes,
Every time, for the mail sleds to come in,
And a letter from home made the dull hopes rise
Worth more than the gold, was this grandest prize
That a husband or father could win.

How the way was paved by these hardy men,
Where they "mushed" with their brave dog teams,
From the road, one may see where the trail has
been

Where the deep fills cross it now and then,
As the train thru the canyon steams.

And the frozen earth from her creeks and sands,
Gave up her treasured golden store,
And fortune brought to these willing hands,
Representing the brave of every land,
Wealth and fame, that will live evermore.

Alaska man, you have gained a place
In the hearts of men of today;
The deeds you have done Time can never erase
They are firm as though carved in the granite's
face,
And will shine like a star,—always.

When your form is beat, and your eyes are dim,
And your mind wanders back o'er the past,
To the trail, and its terrors cold and grim,
And the Frost-king how you bested him,
You can rest on your laurels, at last.

THE WESTERN CALL.

Ho, ye, ho, ye, men or maids,
Filled with zeal to do and dare,
Leave the crowded gay arcades,
Come and breathe the western air;
Grow up with the mighty west,
That today holds out the key,
Of a Nation's treasure chest,
Accept the call you hear from me.

Red, red blood will fill your veins,
Health will glow from happy eyes,
A hundred fold will be your gains,
And nature yield a wondrous prize.
Our wooded hills and valleys green,
Are waiting but the husband skill
To change the wild unbroken scene,
To busy homes with land to till.

Opportunities are here,
In the Golden Sunset West,
Hear my call so loud and clear—
“Ho, ye—Ho, ye, seek the best—
Land or lumber, dairies, mines,
Farm and produce, poultry, stock;
Richest blessings here combines,
And with health and pleasure walk.”



LAKE CRESCENT.

Set like a pearl in a background of green,
At the base of the mountains that tower on high,
Where the evergreen slopes catch the clouds silver
sheen,
And reflect on thy bosom, the tints of the sky.

Thy waters so clear, scarce a ripple to mar,
Like the face of a maiden ne'er seared by a frown;
Thy beauty exceeds many others by far,
A beauty beyond that of city or town.

Thy wild, rugged scenery enchant's every eye,
Whether seen in the garb of September or June;
Near the clear crystal depths, where the dark
 shadows lie,
The speckled trout darts at the swift whirling
 spoon.

To those who are weary, you bring complete rest;
Their troubles all vanish like dew in the sun;
They throw off the bonds conventionalities pressed
And revel in Nature, as they never have done.

What a comfort and joy is found on thy shore,
In tent, shack or cottage, or in summer hotel;
Sounds of gay songs and laughter from each open
 door
Tells the world, that all Lake Crescent is well.



THE OLYMPICS.

Rock-ribbed Olympics, majestic and mighty,
Children of inconceivable forces in Nature
Who, in the beginning of old Earth's maternity
Gave birth to such sublime, everlasting progeny.
God thy great father, Earth thy fond mother,
Raised thee, a monument of ineffable grandeur,
In the dim ages of ruck and eruption,
An inspiration and wonder to men and their
children.

Thy white upraised faces look out on the ocean,
That has sung since thy birth in rythmical cadence,
In storm wild and fearful, or whispering zephyr,
With God's orchestration, thru all the long ages.

Wistful the tempest tossed anxious mariner
Peers thru the wind swept spray, chilling and
blinding,
For the first sight of thy snow-capped embattle-
ments,
That shelters the storm driven ships of the ocean.

Under thy sheltering wings, peaceful valleys,
Lulled by the songs of the rills' constant murmur,
Sleep in the warm summer air, safely nestled
Around by the hills bathed in sunlight and glory.

Rock-ribbed Olympics, rugged and masterful,
Source of the waterfalls, clear, cold and noisy,
Tumbling and dashing adown the swift river,
Meeting the white curling waves at the ocean.

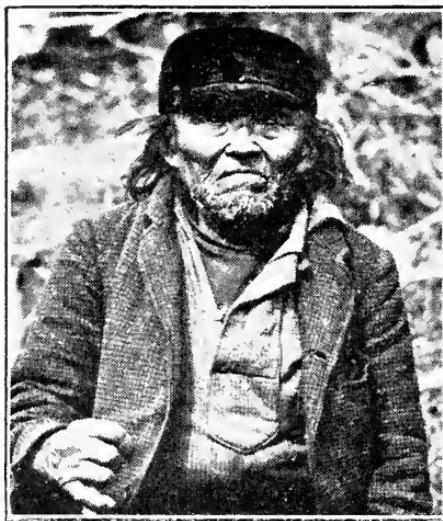
Here stalks the antlered elk, peacefully browsing
Thru his native glade, with no fear of the hunter;
Lithe bodied deer and the bear shaggy coated,
Rouse the fleet rabbit and the swift whirring
pheasant.

Thru the bright waters the trout, like a vision,
Flashes and flits like a phantom of silver,
Leaping and flashing their sides in the sunlight,
Snapping the insects that hover the water.

Rock-ribbed Olympics, white capped and hoary,
Guarding the gateway that leads to the ocean,
Sentinels grim with your fixed passive faces
Firmly you stand at your God given stations.

Rock-ribbed Olympics, white-capped and hoary,
Guard with thy fortress of God-builded masonry
The westerly shores of the land of our fathers,
From the wild elements, or foes of our Nation.

Above cloud clustered peaks, far up in the azure,
Where soft snowy mantle falls on thy evergreens,
Thy white upraised faces look out on the ocean
That has sung since thy birth in rythmical cadence,
In storm wild and fearful, or whispering zephyr,
With God's orchestration, thru all the long ages.



OLD INDIAN BOB.

Old, brown and wrinkled, grizzled and gray,
His age long forgotten for many a day,
Long and unkempt was the coarse, heavy hair,
Bent was the form by the long years of wear;
But broadly he smiled as tho "onto his job,"
Did this relic of Puget Sound, "Indian Bob."

Contented and happy his canoe he would sail,
Across to the sand-spit with shovel and pail;
With old "Sally" to dig while he picked up the
clams,
Caring not for society's honors or shams;

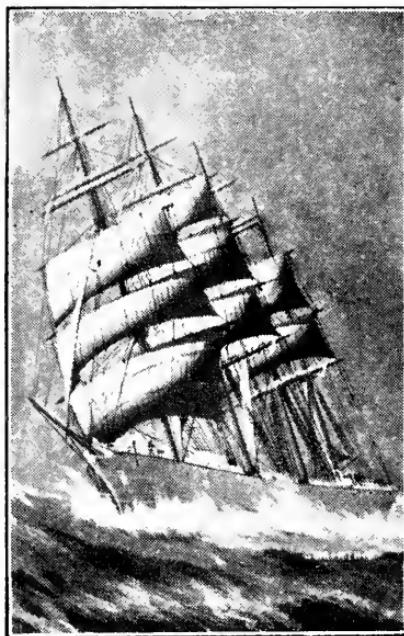
But calmly he smiled, as tho' pleased with his
"job,"

A happy old siwash, was "Indian Bob."

When salmon were running, old "Sally and Bob,"
In their siwash canoe, would the briney waves rob;
With a smile he would say "catch 'um hieu tyee,"
And his hands indicate he had caught "twenty-
three."

No questions of State, or artist's rare "daub,"
Ever ruffled the life of old "Sally and Bob."

We who have worry, all day and all night,
To capture all honors and nickels in sight,
Might learn a few things from this primitive man;
Perhaps we could learn that the much better plan
Would be to live happy, away from the mob,
And go back to Nature like "Indian Bob."



"SEMANTHA"

Semantha, my good ship tried and true,
Swing idly now at your anchor's chain;
I know you long for the cheery crew,
And to spread your broad white wings again.

You long for the dash of the salty spray,
For the heaving lift of the mighty deep,
To dance, while the trade winds gaily play,
And rouse old Neptune from his sleep.

You long to shake those billowy folds,
To catch the breeze from the bending sky;
The kiss of the sea where the porpoise rolls,
And the liquid hills that go racing by.

It will not be long, my noble ship,
Till you slip the chafing, clanking chain,
And out on the ocean's quivering lip,
You will reel with pleasure and delight again.

Like a restful bird, as it plumes for flight,
You will bid adieu to the peaceful Sound;
Let us think of England's green hills tonight,
For soon we can sing, "We are homeward bound."



THE TIMBER CRUISER.

Huh ! never been out in the mountains ? out in
the timbered hills,
Away from the noise of the city, the grind of com-
mercial mills,
Where you grind out nickles and dollars in the
dusty and smoky air,
Well, stranger, I pity you, "by gum!" Shake? sure
thing; put it there.

Well, I wouldn't live in the city, fer all your wealth and gold;
Where they'r everlastinly pushin' and shovin' to "do you" good and cold,
Where the air is close and stuffy, and you ain't got room to sneeze,
And the gold-brick men and "grafters" are about as thick as flees.

No, sir ! not me, "by hooky," I must have elbow room;
Fer a rough old "timber cruiser" the town is a regular tomb :
Give me the woods and timber with their wavin' shady limbs,
And the sound of the breezes thru 'em beats your high falutin' hymns.

You'd ought to go a trampin' with me thru the big Reserve;
I can take you as straight as the crow flies, without a crook or curve
Thru the greatest, grandest timber that ever grow-ed out doors,
An its here in Clallam county, 'twixt the Sound and ocean shores.

You never saw such timber, man, in all your earthly days,
You can't begin to see the tops, unless you'r off a-ways;

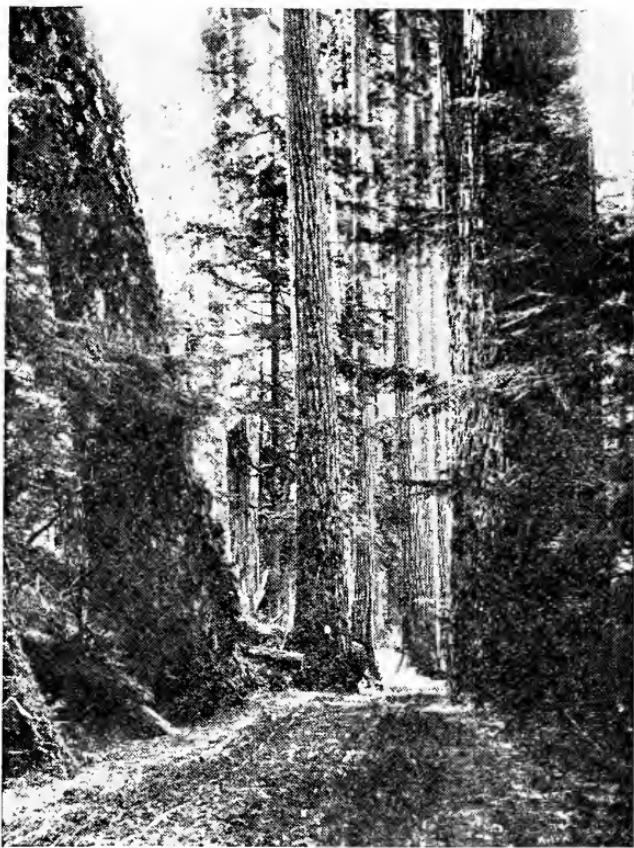
They'r as big as that, up at the limbs, and twice
that at the butt,
An lumber 'nuff to build a house in every bloomin'
cut.

One day beyond Lake Crescent, I was runnin' out
some lines,
I was gettin' mighty short of grub, and knowin'
by the signs,
That a rippin' storm was comin', so I hiked it fer
a tree
That I had noticed several times, that shore looked
"good to me."

It was a big old cedar, an' as holler as a drum;
I hadn't more than reached it, when the blasted
blizzard come;
It snowed and hailed, the wind it blowed, snow
piled above my door,
I tho't my time had come to croak, I did, my
friend, fer shore.

Three days it blowed an' hailed an' snowed, an'
holed me in the tree;
I wandered 'round without a light, so dark I could-
n't see;
I stumbled over roots and chunks, I fell and bump-
ed my head,
An' when I should have said my prayers, I think I
swore instead.

I didn't mind the dark a bit, nor hunger not a mite;
But what I suffered fer a drink, say stranger, 'twas a fright;
I feel its awful burnin' yet, it cut me thru an' thru. . . .
"What did you say? Oh, certainly, I don't care if I do."
But as I said — (A little rye.) here's to you, — well, let's see —
Another? sure! (Give me a beer.) remember its on me;
What! goin' stranger? well, "by gum;" he's a good one "I don't think;"
I wonder if he took me fer a bum — just after drink.



TO THE FOREST.

Oh, mighty forest, deep and impressive,
Tangled and dank in thy shadowy aisles,
Stretching far over the hills and the valleys,

Eastward and westward for miles upon miles;
Thru thy dark bosom that covers the foothills,
The cold crystal waters flow down to the sea,
The life of the earth, from the snow covered
mountains,
That feeds and develops the beauty in thee.

Oh, mighty forest, deep and primeval,
Grand and majestic, true mate to the hills;
For numberless years thy green flags have been
flying,
That now must be lowered, for destiny wills
Thy surrender to man, who delights in destruction,
Of Time's sacred archives that covered the earth,
Long before Nations were dreamed of, or founded,
Aye! ages before your destroyer had birth.

Noble trees, every one, how I love thy strong
beauty,
I gaze with delight on thy evergreen dress;
A symbol of strength, pointing up to the heavens,
My soul feels the lift that thy lessons impress.
Deep in thy bosom, God's numberless creatures,
Dwell in security, free and uncaged,
Safe in the depths of thy Nature-made temples,
Never seeing the great Law of Freedom outraged.

Evergreen forests, of hemlock and cedar,
Tall noble firs that the ages have grown,

May part of thy beauty go down to the future,
A mark of respect by the present man shown.
Too often, the hands of the vandal, by fire,
With wanton destruction thy grandeur efface:
May the shame be on them, and public disfavor
Pour out on the rogues, just—eternal disgrace.

Oh, mighty forests, gigantic, o'erwhelming;
The pride and the wealth of our Evergreen State;
May the love of thy beauty and age give protection,
Preserve and defend from thy hapless ill fate.
As a servant to man, you have long done your duty,
You house, shield and shelter from winter's cold blast;
And the tragedy done to the Trees is a blunder,
Will be seen, when too late, and the remedy past.

SEATTLE, QUEEN OF THE WEST.

Where the high Olympics stand, near the broad
Pacific's strand,
Is Seattle, the city by the sea;
Where amid the evergreen, wonders of the West
are seen.
At the Exposition of the A.-Y.-P.
From Alaska's rugged shore, bags of golden nug-
gets pour,
See the treasures from the wonderland Yukon,
While the whole united West, from old mother
Nature's breast,
Brings the best the sun has ever shone upon.

Seattle, glorious queen of the west,
Dearest and fairest, the busiest, best,
Guarding the gate to the great sunset sea,
Travelers all say, "Well, you look good to me."

Dear old state of evergreen, of them all you are
the queen,
With your forests dark and deep on every side;
From your thickly wooded hills come the sounds
of busy mills,
To your dairies, farms and mines we point with
pride;
And the Nations will agree, when they view the
A.-Y.-P.,

That Seattle with great strides has moved apace;
For her sisters from the East, has Seattle spread
 this feast,
May the hand of Time its memories ne'er erase.

GET RIGHT WITH YOURSELF.

Get right with yourself, the world's not wrong;
Don't waste your time in tears and sighs;
But rather, be sending your voice in song,
Up to the limitless, boundless skies.
Hope shines bright on the mountain's brow,
The brightest star in our firmament;
She beckons—she whispers, "Improve the now,
Each priceless moment is quickly spent."

Get right with yourself, the world's not wrong;
Don't look for pictures that bring despair;
'Tis action and hope that makes one strong,
Dispelling the gloom of fear and care.
Worry and misery eats at the heart,
As the cut-worm feeds on the tender shoot;
But the man of action lives a part
Of the busy world that produces fruit.

Get right with yourself; the world's not wrong,
Don't be a drag to your precious soul;
Get in and mix with the hustling throng,
Be true and brave and you'll win the goal.
The soul that plumes for a higher flight,
Shall gain reward for its very own;
It lives no more amidst gloom and night,
It will reach the light by its growth alone.

I'M KING OF EARTH.

King of the greatest kingdoms, I,
Beneath the boundless bending sky;
My subjects swarm the teeming earth,
Whatever country gave them birth
It matters not, they bow their head
And follow as a lamb that's led
To offer up their grandest prize,
To find a favor in my eyes.

Of all the subjects any King
Could wish, or want, yes—any thing,
I'm proud to say my very own
Are better than most subjects known.
I do not need to watch or doubt
To find one single subject out;
I know, that they are true to me
As moaning tides obey the sea.

They come, and go, obey my will,
Each strives my pleasure cup to fill;
And I, like any happy King,
Am pleased, am glad that such a thing
As discontent or childish tears
Of not one subject reach my ears.

So, proud and calm I walk the globe
Arrayed in scarlet flowing robe,
And look on other Kings in glee,

For they are subjects, too, to me,
I count them not one whit more great
Than lowly, in their lowest state;
For all alike, they bend the knee,
And serve on land or on the sea
In any place, at any task
That I, their King and Sovereign, ask.

Among the wealthy, moneyed men—
Or those who wield the sword or pen,
The high and low, the rich or poor,
I boldly enter at their door.
In Justice Courts—in stately halls—
Cathedrals where the sinner crawls—
Where choir the holy anthem sings
Where burning incense slowly swings;
The home, the State—the World around
Where'er the tongue of man doth sound—
I move my scepter—they obey
Who yield to my unrivalled sway.

Now—know ye not, oh, mortal man,
That I control your earthly span?
I hold you as my servant—slave,
From mother's breast to yawning grave:
Of all the great innumerable host
Of earth, I surely claim the most.
And who am I? incline your ear;
I'm King of Earth, my name is—FEAR.

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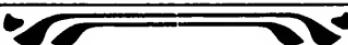


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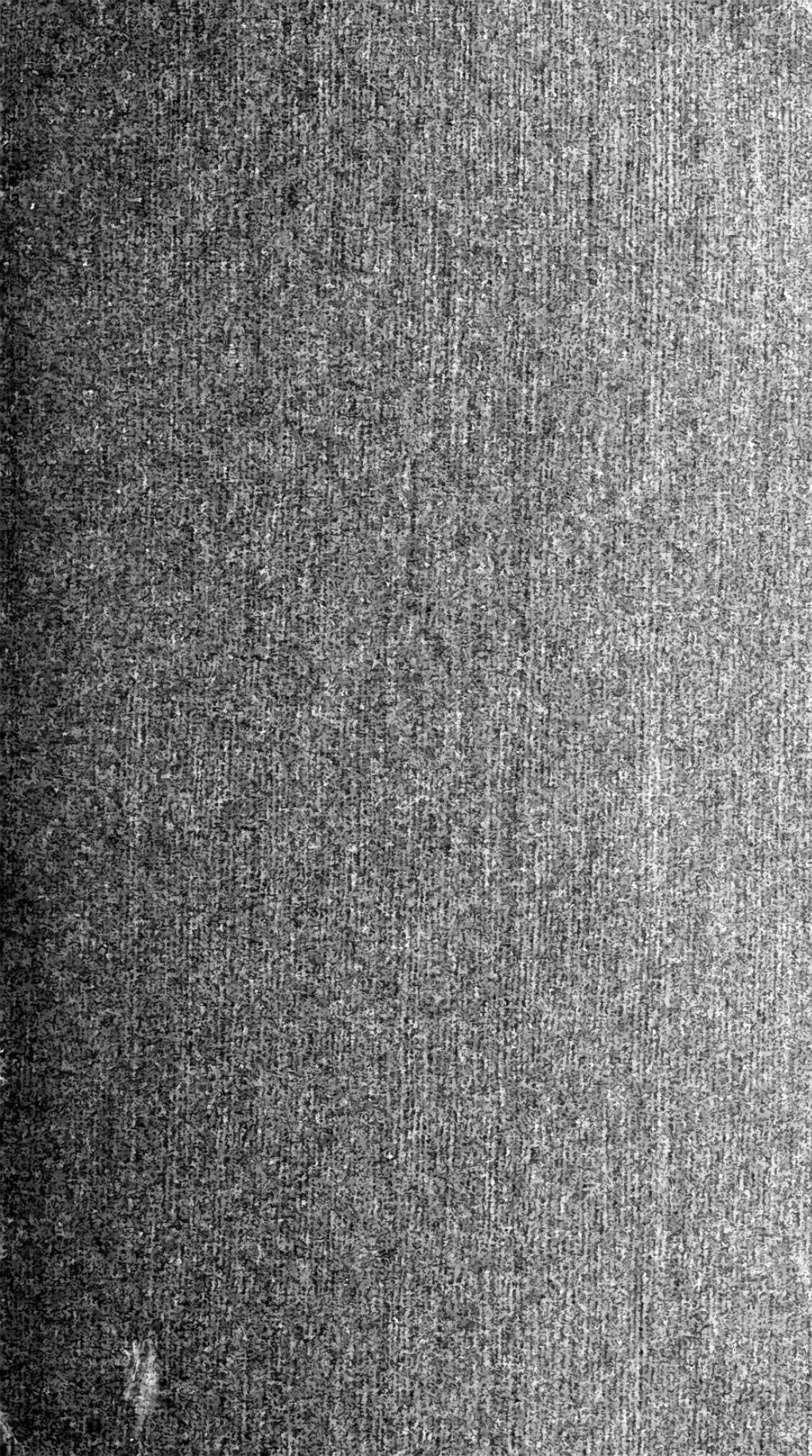
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